

Beauty Is...

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Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
At least, that's what he had told her.
Everyone sees things in different ways
For example, look at the sun's shining rays.
What do you see? What does it bring?
Doesn't it make small birds want to sing?
Isn't it glimmering and dazzling, casting a warm glow over the
land,
lighting up the world, giving brightness to even the most bland?
It's warming the earth, helping lovely flowers grow,
giving hope that things could be better, even by tomorrow!
And then when it begins to disperse, tell me now, what do you
see?
All those wondrous colors, such a sight as pretty as can be!
Those rays begin to touch the horizon, sinking lower and lower
into the sky,
And that you see is beauty, it's always passing by.

Ah, but there's more to it than that, isn't there?
Well let's take a look around, hmm, look at that chair.
"What, this old thing? It was a present for my nanny"
Well good ol' granny must be thrilled to receive a gift for her
fanny
For the gift was filled with love and thought and I'll bet even
some care
And do not think oh prideful one, to even disagree, 'cuz I know
that it was there
The consideration for another, that my friend is beauty
Still not what you're looking for? Well no need to be snooty!
Beauty is many things and in time you shall see

But for now let's go on with example number three!
Hmm well onto something a bit different for this next example
Perhaps we should look at a flower sample!

Now I'm quite sure that everyone thinks or has heard that
flowers are sweet

They're pretty and cute and say things that words can't beat
Now fascinated, what are some of these things you ask me
And now glad to have your attention a bit more, I shall tell thee:
Gaze upon that bush and tell me what grows upon it, that one
right over there.

"Why, roses of course, that is indeed quite clear!"

Ah yes, roses, nonetheless you are right,
but my dear, look closer with all of your might.
Isn't there anything else you see, anything at all?

No? That's alright, I shall tell you, no need to bawl!

A rose can be of many things, didn't you know?

Whether it's shown there in the sun or hidden beneath the snow

It could be an apology after making a dreadful mistake,

it could be a band aid to cure the heartache,

it could be the beginning of a brand new start,

or it could simply be a marvelous work of fine art.

It could be the question: 'Can I have this dance?'

Or it could even be the plea: 'Please give me another chance!'

Whether the rose is open and shinning in the gorgeous sun,

or if it's dripping with rain, pretty enough to stun,

the flowers and messages that they bring will continue on and
on

because we are the seeds that keep them from being forever
gone.

Hey speaking of rain, that reminds me,
Lots of people dislike rain from as far as they can see.
And I know you're one of them, don't try to deny that.

You hate the fact that you have to wear a hood or a hat
to shield your luscious striking locks from getting in a mess

I'm right aren't I? Let me take another guess!

You'd hate to have your clothes ruined so early in the day
and you'd hate how they'd comment, and what the people
would say.

'Cuz then it would be just terrible, as we all know,
to have to get all prepared again because of the rain or snow.

To have your clothes all pressed and steamed
so you'd have that image just as you dreamed,

to change those awful soaked socks

and let's not forget about those gorgeous locks!

You'd have to pull and tug to get things straight,
and tie and clip stuff, as if you were going on a date.

And then for those of you that can't redo all that stuff,
well you just sit and mope and think, *'hey, life's rough,*

'I'm cold and wet, and I'll be like this for hours

this really stinks a lot... I'd hate to be a flower,

the way they're exposed to rain, and snow, and even sleet,
the way they can't get up and walk off with their very own feet'

But no, you're getting it all wrong, don't you see?

The rain and snow, it's not all bad, not even for a tree.

The rain is beautiful the way it falls to the ground

it makes a gentle pitter-patter sound.

And when it drips into a puddle, how magnificent those ripples
look!

As if time were standing still and it was the only thing that
shook

The rain refreshes the earth and leads to brand new events,
'cuz let's face it, without those rainy days would you have

known about those tents,

or about half the other things hidden away under your bed?

Or even that your little cousin's favorite color is red?

Yeah, that's right, those rainy days opened new doors
so be thankful each and every time that it pours!

It might not be as bad as you think, and I know that's hard to
grasp

But things aren't always as they seem and that's something
people should grasp.

There is another example... but no, I'm sure we all know that
one.

It is love, remember? A love that burns brighter than the sun,
or even a love that has just started, and it's still small and shy,
or a love a parent has for their child without even questioning
why,

or a strong desire a young boy has for his toy cars,
or a passion an astronomer has for the stars.

Just as there are different kinds of beauty there are different
kinds of love too

But nevertheless, love is love and it's beautiful whether it takes
two

or if it's a group of people such as friends
or a group of people following trends.

The examples go on and on and on,
and like beauty, love is never gone.

Hmm, *still* not satisfied I see, but luckily there are innumerable
examples of beauty here.

There really are so many that you wouldn't believe it, but
enough with that my dear,

how about we look at something different, well, 'look at' isn't
really the phrase I'd use

since this upcoming example isn't really something you can see
yet it's possible to lose...

Remember when you were little and you'd always drag around
that teddy bear...

You loved that thing with all of your heart, giving it all of your
time and care.

It was your best friend in the whole wide world.

You'd dance together as you swirled and twirled,
and other times you'd sit quietly and let it absorb your tears.

You'd even share with it all of your secrets and fears.

But that teddy was more than just a confidant though,
it was more than words could describe but all of that you now
stow.

You've gotten older and things have really changed,
and now to you the meaning of beauty has quite ranged.

But for little boys and girls all over this earth
teddies are being passed on with each and every birth.

But like I mentioned earlier, as you grow up things change
right?

Well now I bet you have another friend that you love with all
your might.

I bet someone comes to mind right now, I'm right aren't I?

It's that person whose tears you'd always dry.

They're that absolutely great and a wonderful friend,
the one who's heart you'd always mend.

And vice versa of course 'cuz it was always them who you'd
call when in trouble or alone

Any time you were hurt or in need they'd be sure to pick up that
phone,

or if they couldn't they'd be sure in some way to lend a hand.

Heck, for you they'd travel across half the land!

They'd jump over hurdles or swim the ocean blue,

Climb any mountain, and you know it's true.

They'd run a thousand miles or stand up to any crew,

and they'd do it all in a heartbeat, all just for you.
They'd be that shoulder for you to cry on,
or they'd tell you that you were as gracious as a swan.
They'd be there to pick up all of the pieces after they fell apart,
and as always to repair your quite loving yet broken heart.
They would never let you fall,
and they'd see to it that you got through it all.
Forever and for always they'd always tell you,
and from then on you believed and knew your friendship was
true.

And now you see what beauty can do,
how it can strengthen relationships and heal the hurt,
lift you up from the ground and out of the dirt.
It can do so many marvelous things as it constantly surrounds
you and I:
it gives us that hope that makes us believe we can fly,
and it is beauty that makes us want to try,
it is beauty that makes us cherish those moments and sigh,
and it is beauty that makes us wonder why...

Well, now you know that things can be beautiful in many
different ways,
and how beauty is always with us, never leaving, it always
stays.
It's with us in everything we do, all of our efforts and all of our
strives,
but most of all, it is beauty that helps us continue on with our
lives,
giving them meaning and us a reason to continue on here,
and it is beauty in which we all share.